

I'm a Little Piss Baby

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I'm a Little Piss Baby

by [Fetish Ball \(arsenicarose\)](#)

Summary

It started out as a kind of game, something fun that George liked to do. Randomly, when Dream was sitting somewhere, George would crawl into his lap, straddle him, resting his ass right on Dream's cock, and kiss him. That's how Dream knew that the game had begun.

AN: READ THE TAGS. There is a HUGE amount of a kink that a lot of people aren't into. The title is relatively literal. If you don't like the kink, do not read!

Also, if this is too far for the CC's, I will 100% take it down.

Notes

Listen... Sometimes, you just write smut about certain things... Please don't hate me for this

one. 😊

Hey! I have a Twitter now! Or, rather I had one, but I just never used it until recently.

You can check me out at [@Anoa Rayne](#)! Messages/comments/replies welcome! 😊
Warning! It's NSFW!

- Inspired by [\[Podfic\] I'm a Little Piss Baby](#) by [The Reader \(arsenicarose\)](#)

Accidental

It started out as a kind of game, something fun that George liked to do. Randomly, when Dream was sitting somewhere, George would crawl into his lap, straddle him, resting his ass right on Dream's cock, and kiss him. That's how Dream knew that the game had begun.

They would be like that for hours, just kissing each other, touching, exploring. Their clothes stayed on (that was part of the game), and they would just rile each other up until they were panting into each other's mouths, so hard that it almost hurt.

They would stay like that until Dream had to *go*.

The first time, it was quite accidental. George had just been cuddling and kissing his boyfriend like normal, when Dream tried to get up. "I have to pee," he had said, without a second thought.

Instead of letting him up, George paused, thought about it, and with an evil grin, replied, "No."

"What? George, I have to pee!"

"I don't want to get up yet." George snuggled closer to Dream. "I'm really comfortable."

George's movements pressed down on Dream's bladder, and he let out a desperate, needy whine. It surprised both of them.

"George, please..." Dream's voice was getting strained, trying to hold it all back.

"Hmmm... I don't know. I suppose I could be persuaded to get up, if you begged for it, like a good boy."

Oh. Dream blushed deep red. He wanted to be a good boy, and he suddenly understood what they were doing. "I am good, but I'm not going to beg to use the toilet."

George shrugged, grinding his hips down again. "Then feel free to wet yourself. I don't mind."

Another whine that half became a moan popped out of Dream's mouth. Why was he kind of enjoying this? He could have easily shoved George off or demanded to be let up, using their safe word, but he didn't. He begged.

"George, ah! Oh, please, please let me up! I'm so desperate to go! I'll do whatever you want, just please, please *please*. Let me pee!"

George sat up, rocking the weight off of Dream's bladder, but not getting up. "Oh, you want to go, Dream?"

"Yes, yes! Oh God George, I have to go so badly!" Dream buried his face in George's chest, continuing his pleas into his boyfriend's shirt, muffled, but clear in intention.

George was secretly loving this. He loved to get Dream desperate and whiny beneath him in any way, and this one was new. Plus, Dream usually pretended that he wasn't going to grovel for a little longer in the other games they played. He pretended to consider it, stroking Dream's hair as he continued to beg into George's chest, while actually thinking about all the fun they could have with this.

Finally, George felt like Dream had begged enough. He lifted Dream's head off of him, and said,

“Very well, sweetheart, you may use the bathroom.” With that, he rolled off of Dream and onto the couch.

Dream scrambled away, practically falling over on his way to the toilet. George couldn’t help but follow, trailing behind his boyfriend’s mad dash, and coming up behind him just in time to hear the results.

Dream had to go so badly that he hadn’t even bothered to close the door. He just unzipped himself, pulled his half-hard cock out, and let go. The stream was loud and powerful, and it went on for over a minute, with Dream letting out a relieved moan for the entire time.

He caught George watching him in the mirror, and, as the last drops fell, he asked, “Did you like that, Master?”

“Yes, actually, I did... You did so well for me, sweetheart. You are such a good boy.”

The sex they had that night was absolutely phenomenal.

And so it became one of their games. Whenever George had the desire, he would plop down onto Dream, completely wrap himself around him, and keep him there, until Dream was absolutely squirming with need. Neither of them really admitted how much it turned them on, but they did use safe words and check ins, as they recognized it was *that* kind of game.

They didn’t examine it, or even really talk about *why* they liked it, but it became a pretty regular thing. Something they just did from time to time, pretending like George was going to make Dream actually wet himself, but then just not doing it. Both of them were fine with that, for a while.

One night, it went a little further, though. Neither of them were sure, in retrospect, how it happened exactly. Maybe Dream didn’t realize soon enough, maybe George pushed a little too hard. The only thing that was certain was that Dream lost control.

It was only for a moment, a tiny spurt, but it showed on his sweats immediately. “Oh my God. Oh *fuck* !!” Dream gasped, “George, *please!!!* ”

George’s eyes went saucer wide, taking in the small patch of wetness, thoroughly distracted, before Dream’s words pulled him back. “Right, yes, sorry!” He hopped off.

Dream mostly made it to the bathroom, but he lost a bit more on the way, leaving a sizable drip down to the mid thigh of one leg of his sweats. “Ahhh fuck,” he hissed.

George had followed him again, as he always had after their game, but this time, he was dripping with concern and apologies. “Oh, Dream, I’m so sorry! Are you alright? I didn’t mean for it to go that far! Fuck, I’m actually so sorry!”

“No, no, George, honestly, it’s completely fine.” Dream realized he actually kind of liked it. The feeling of letting himself be so helpless to George that he had literally pissed his pants? Electrifying. He wanted more. He almost regretted making it to the toilet. “It’s... it’s a little more than fine.” Dream blushed at saying that, but he couldn’t help but share.

George’s apologetic face froze and melted a little, into something more... devious. “It’s more than fine huh? Does that mean that you liked it?”

Dream didn’t answer, too embarrassed to admit something like that out loud.

George lurched forward, pressing the wet material against Dream’s already rock hard cock. “I

asked a question.”

Dream moaned, bucking against George’s hand. “Yes, Sir, I liked it,” he squeaked, covering his face.

“Hey, hey, hey,” George cooed, “There’s no need to be embarrassed. You did so well by telling me. You are such a good boy. And, you know, I liked it too.”

Dream peaked from beneath his fingers. “You did?”

“I did. You wanna feel, baby?”

Dream nodded and allowed his hand to be pulled into George’s crotch. His dick was just as hard as Dream’s, and George sighed against his touch.

“That’s good to know...” Dream murmured.

“Yeah, I suppose we’ll have to keep that in mind, won’t we sweetie?”

“Oh absolutely.” With that, Dream leaned down for a kiss, and let himself be pulled to the bedroom.

The second they crossed the threshold, they were stripping, or rather, George was stripping both of them, and Dream was letting him. With Dream nude, George pushed him onto the bed. He hit the mattress with a grunt, and George climbed right on top of him, dropping kisses across his face and chest like flower petals.

George’s hand slid down Dream’s stomach, and he brushed against the hard length there. “Oh, you really did enjoy it, didn’t you, baby? So needy for me.”

Dream bucked into his hand. “Yes, Sir, I’m so needy for you. Please, fuck me into this bed.”

George laughed. “Oh wow! The desperate little slut is begging without even being asked! What a good boy you are.”

“Yes, Sir, I’m a good boy. I’m *your* good boy. Please...”

“Well... You have been good tonight, and I am looking forward to doing this again sometime. I suppose I could fuck you. I might even let you cum.”

“Oh, God, yes, please yes. I would piss all over myself just to please you, Sir, anything you wanted!”

George grinned, climbing across Dream to reach the lube. “Anything I wanted?” He let the slippery liquid pool on his fingers slowly, tauntingly.

Dream’s eyes were laser focused on George’s hand, and he was practically drooling. “Anything, Sir.”

“That’s good to know...” With that, George slid a finger inside of Dream, who cried out and bucked. “Oh, baby, you’re so sensitive!”

“Yes, Sir...” he panted, “I’m very... sensitive. Please... Don’t tease.”

“Oh, honey,” George laughed, “I’ll do what I want.”

He fingered Dream slowly, with only one digit inside of him. Every movement was at a snail's pace, just enough to make him feel it, but not enough to get any relief. George just stroked his prostate so lightly, so delicately, that it was driving Dream wild.

"Ahhhhnnnn! Please, Sir! I'll... ah! Do anything! Just please... mmmmm fuck me!"

"Oh, but baby, it's so fun to watch you squirm like this. I guess I could add another finger, though."

"Thank you... Sir... You are... so generous."

"Good boy..."

George slid in the second finger, and Dream was shaking. He had a white knuckle grip on the bed, trying to stop himself from touching anything he wasn't allowed to, and he was fighting his own body's desperate desire to start fucking George's hand. If he did that, he would definitely not get to cum.

"Oh, baby." George's voice was getting a little ragged and strained, a sign he wouldn't be able to tease much longer. "You're being such a patient boy. My patient boy. I think I'll fuck you soon." He slipped in a third finger.

"Ah! Fuck! Yes!" Dream cried, holding his hips down with every ounce of self-control he had.

"There's just one thing I want you to do for me."

"Yes, Sir, anything, just name it!"

"Say, 'I'm a little piss baby.'"

Dream was shocked out of the scene for a moment. "Wait, really?"

"Yes, really. And I want you to mean it."

"Um... Okay... I'm a little piss baby."

George pinched Dream's hip, causing him to cry out. "I said I wanted you to mean it."

"Sorry, Sir!" he gasped through clenched teeth. He took a deep breath, and looked into George's eyes. "I'm a little piss baby." He felt it that time, and he shuddered with the weight of it. Oh.

"There you go, *baby*." George removed his fingers, but started lubing up his dick with a loose grip. "Now, you belong to someone, don't you?"

"Yes, Sir. I'm *your* little piss baby."

George shuddered. Why was this affecting him so much? It didn't matter. "You're such a good boy, Dream. You've been so good for me." George cupped his boyfriend's soft cheek, and rammed his cock inside.

Dream's back arched, and he was clawing at the sheets. "Fuuuuuuck!"

George had gone to the hilt, knowing that Dream would be able to take it without pain, but the pleasure was almost too much. It brought tears to Dream's eyes, and he was close, *so* close, with only one stroke.

After the first pump, George started thrusting as hard and deep as he could. He didn't bother

starting slow or teasing. Both of them had been teasing and touching each other for hours already, and with the wetting, he wasn't going to be able to last long anyway.

"George," Dream begged, "George, please. I'm so close. I know it's early, but please, *please*, I've been so good, please." He was basically babbling by that point, so fucked out and needy that it was all he could do.

George was already running out of steam, feeling his orgasm on the horizon. "Yes, baby, you've been so good for me, such a good little piss baby for me. Cum. Cum for me, baby."

That was all Dream needed, with a keening wail, he finished across his chest, a huge load. He even managed to get himself in the face.

George finished right after, filling Dream's ass with cum as it spasmed around him. He pumped in and out a few more times, letting the last drip out of him, before collapsing.

Both of them were completely out of breath, thrown by the power of what they just went through together.

After a little while, when they could breathe again, George said, "Sooooo... Shower?"

On Purpose

Chapter Notes

Hey! Thanks for reading so far. This is a WARNING though. The first chapter had the slightest bit of piss kink, but from here on out, it will be completely piss! If that isn't something you are interested in, please be careful! If you need to leave, I won't be offended. :]

The very next day, Dream found himself sitting on the couch, but, this time, it was on top of a puppy pad and many, many towels. There hadn't been a mess on the couch from the last time, but George hadn't wanted to chance it, and, apparently, someone had done their research.

Dream felt a little weird, since he literally knew what was coming. He had been drinking juice and water for the better part of an hour, and already he was squirming, just waiting for George to decide to sit on him.

Another problem was that he was *desperately* horny, and he wasn't sure he would be able to go if he was this hard.

Without warning, George was on top of him. Dream let out an involuntary groan as new weight was added to his ailing bladder.

"Oh, poor, sweet Dweam," George teased, running his fingers down the expanse of chest before him. He grabbed the fabric beneath his hand, dragging Dream's face into his. "I can't wait to make an absolute mess of you."

Dream swallowed nervously, but his cock twitched against George's leg.

"Do you want me to make a mess of you?" George asked, pulling him closer and grinding down on his lap. "I'll bet you want me to absolutely ruin you."

"Yes, Master, I do! I'm your filthy piss slut. I'll do anything for you."

George seemed surprised for a moment, but relaxed into an easy going smile. "Such an eager little whore, begging for things. Oh, we are going to have so much fun."

He let go of the shirt, and Dream fell back against the couch, his eyes never leaving George's. The magnetism was incredible, and Dream could feel the precum rubbing against his head as it hit his boxers. He shuddered.

George ran his hand down Dream's chest, past his stomach, and onto his cock. "Ah, I see the problem. I expected you to be having little accidents already, but you are so very hard, baby. I think there is only one way to fix this."

His hips ground down again, but softer, so as to not hurt Dream's sensitive bladder. Through their layers of clothing, they rubbed against each other, but Dream was much closer than George was, sitting in the anticipation and desperation for as long as he had.

"George... Please..." Dream begged, but he wasn't sure if he wanted more or less friction. He

knew the moment he came, he wouldn't be able to hold back the flood anymore, and he wasn't sure if he could handle it. The embarrassment of staring into George's eyes while completely wetting himself would be immense, but he was getting *so* close. He leaned back, pressing his cock into George's hand. "*Please ...*"

"Anything for you, baby," George murmured, leaning in to whisper in his lover's ear. It was completely selfish of course, and usually George would make Dream wait to cum, but knowing what would happen after made it worth the early release. He rubbed faster, harder, matching Dream's desperate pumps and spasms.

"Ah! George! Ah! AH! Fuck! I'm-!" Dream sputtered, rocking into the couch.

"Cum for me baby. Make a mess for me. I want you too."

With permission given, Dream came, and it was even more powerful than the night before. He arched into George's soft, sweet ministrations and filled his boxers with it, shaking with each wave.

The entire time, George held him, whispering, "You're such a good boy, baby. Such a good boy."

The second his orgasm finished, the desperation crashed into him like a wave. "Oh, fuck, George!" he panted, trying to hold himself.

"No, baby, no, don't hold yourself." George grabbed both of Dream's arms and pinned them to the couch above his head. "It's okay. I've got you." He leaned down and kissed Dream on his pouting lips, grinding lightly on his lap again.

"George- Please- I'm-" He mumbled through kisses. "Ah! I- can't-"

Then, he lost it, just for a moment. A powerful spurt of piss slipped past his defenses, darkening his pants immediately. George gasped into his lips and pressed himself down into the wetness, letting out the most obscene moan.

Dream would do anything to please George, especially when it felt that *good*. But he knew that George loved the anticipation, the waiting, the fight, so he held it, genuinely trying to stop anymore from coming out.

It didn't last long, and with a sharp intake of breath, a leak. It was a big one that time, and his pants shimmered with the fresh wetness.

George was pretty lost by this point. He had wedged his legs under Dream's, so their hips were practically fused together, and his pants were just as soaked as Dream's were. "You're doing so well for me, baby."

"George... Ah!" This time, Dream really couldn't stop. All the pressure, plus the orgasm, and his muscles collapsed. "I can't... I can't stop... I can't stop..."

"Shhhh... Baby. It's okay. Let go. You've been holding for so long..." George reached down and pulled Dream's pants out of the way a bit, revealing the underwear beneath. The stream was clear and easy to trace, bubbling up from the head of Dream's softening cock.

George leaned into it, humping himself into the lake that was forming, each new pump wicking piss into the fabric of his pants.

Dream quickly realized what was turning his partner on, and played into. "Please, Master, please!"

he whined, "I can't stop... It just keeps going! I'm trying, but I just can't control myself."

George shuddered against him. "Dream, fuck! You're such a good boy. Such a good little piss slut for me. Fuck, I love you so much."

"I love you, too, Master."

George wrapped his arms around Dream's shoulders, pulling himself against the soaking body beneath him, and held him, as he came into his piss covered pants. His whole body shook with it, until he finally collapsed. "You are such a good boy," he murmured, a little deliriously.

"Your little piss baby."

"Always." George leaned up to kiss him, gently at first, but soon they were making out. "There's one more thing you can do for me, if you want."

"Anything for you, Sir, you have been so generous to me."

"I have to go too."

Dream's eyes widened at the implication and the desire that rocked through him. He definitely wanted that to happen. "Uh, yeah, if you want to." He tried for nonchalance.

George grabbed his jaw. "Don't lie to me, baby. You want me to piss all over you, don't you? You don't want to leave this couch with any dry patches on your clothes."

"You're right, Sir," Dream admitted (he couldn't lie to George, really), "I want it! I want it so desperately, but it's shameful..."

"It's not shameful to me." The grip on Dream's face loosened, became a caress. "I want to see what you look like as my urinal."

"Please, Master, please. Make me your urinal. Soak me through. I don't want dry clothes, I don't deserve them!"

"As you wish, baby."

George pulled his dick out so he could aim it better, and let it rest between them. With a sigh, he pushed, and a small dribble flowed out again Dream's tummy.

Oh...

Oh my God...

"Sir, please... I want more!"

George smiled. "Such a good little whore."

"Yes, Sir, always."

George pushed again, sending another spray across Dream's chest that dribbled down to his tummy. He leaned down to kiss Dream, letting his cock rest between them as he did, and he relaxed.

The stream started slow, barely enough to notice, but it grew stronger, and soon, Dream's shirt was absolutely drenched. He was getting hard again, despite having cum just moments before.

George pulled away from Dream for a moment, to aim the stream all over his boyfriend's body. He was absolutely soaking wet, with piss pooling beneath his ass. George's head was tipped back in ecstasy at the release and the naughtiness. Dream couldn't help but stare at him, becoming flustered and needy so quickly. He wanted George to touch him, to rub the wetness into his skin.

Finally, the stream was dwindling, tiny forced spurts marking the empty bladder. George collapsed onto Dream, immediately soaking himself in the still warm liquid. "Wow..." he whispered, "That was... Wow..."

"Yeah... I honestly don't know what to say," Dream replied, petting George's hair.

George leaned up a little, meeting Dream's shy eyes. "Did you like it at least?"

The blush would have answered the question on its own, but still, he said, "Yes..."

"So did I," George murmured, laying his head back down, "There's no reason to feel bad, okay? This is just something we are doing, apparently. I don't judge you in the least. I mean, I really can't."

"That's true, I suppose."

George crawled up his boyfriend's long body and kissed him on the lips, cradling his head in his hands. "I liked this a lot. You were such a good boy for me. You did *so* good for me, baby."

"Thank you, Sir." Dream couldn't help but grin. He would do anything to make George happy.

It only took a couple of minutes for the piss to cool off though, and it was significantly less fun at that point. They carefully pulled themselves off the couch, wrapping their soaking wet bodies with spare towels, and peeled off the layers of protection (which had miraculously been enough). After tossing the puppy pad and throwing the bundle of towels into the laundry, they popped into the shower fully clothed.

George's Stream

Chapter Notes

Just as pissy as the last chapter, plus rough sex, FYI. :]

“Hey, Dream!” George called from the next room, “I’m gonna stream. You want to join?”

“Yeah, sure! Let me just go to the bathroom real quick.”

There was silence for a moment, except for the sound of approaching footsteps. George slipped into Dream’s filming room. “No, you’re not allowed to go.”

Dream’s eyes bugged out a little. It had been a couple of days since their explosive mutual piss game, and they hadn’t really done much with it since. “On stream?”

“You won’t be the one streaming, and the thought of you just so desperately trying to hold for me, while everyone is completely clueless...? That’s too delicious to resist. I’ll keep all instructions non-verbal, private chat only.”

“George...”

“If you aren’t comfortable, you can always say no. I don’t mind.” George gave him a reassuring smile, as if to show him how okay it would be.

The problem was that Dream wanted to do it, but he was worried about how excited it made him. This was his *job*. It wasn’t really appropriate to get all hot and bothered at work. That wasn’t going to actually stop him though. “No, George, I want to, like, more than you know, I’m just afraid they will hear me do something. What if I start to lose it?”

“Just squeeze my leg, baby. The second you do that, I will mute, okay? Or you can send the safe word in chat if you need to.”

“Okay. I trust you.”

“I’m so glad to hear that. I will take good care of you, baby. I really think you are going to like this.”

“Me too.”

“Some ground rules, okay? 1) No pet names or honorifics on stream, no matter how far gone we get. 2) You are not allowed to go until I give you permission. 3) If I give you permission, it’s not to go to the toilet. You have to go in your pants. Are those all okay with you?”

“Yes, those are perfect,” Dream breathed, already getting a little aroused.

“Good. Get some towels down and join when you’re ready, okay?”

“Yes, sir.”

Dream gathered a huge number of towels in his arms, probably more than he needed, and walked to

George's filming room. The stream hadn't started yet, thankfully, so he walked inside without worries of being seen.

George looked a little nervous. He was fidgeting with his equipment, straightening and restraightening the camera, the mic, and the monitors, like he was stalling. When he heard Dream, he spun, eyes wide. "You have to be really quiet, okay Dream? I want you to be in my room with me, but they can't hear you."

Dream thought about it for a moment, considering whether or not he should just go to his room instead, but he really wanted George to be able to see. "I'll be quiet!"

"You will have to be *extra* quiet, okay? No, noises at all, or else I'll have to punish you."

"Oh no? Punish me?" Dream teased, winking, "I would hate that!"

George sighed. "Yes, punish you! But Dream, don't forget the whole point of this game is to not be caught!"

Dream smiled sheepishly. "I'll be so quiet, George, I promise. I just... I want you to watch me."

"I know, baby. Of course you do." George reached out and patted Dream's shoulder. "Anything you need to say, any begging, send it to me through discord, okay?"

"Will do. The second you end your stream, I'm going to make so much fucking noise for you."

"That sounds like a good plan to me." George leaned over and kissed Dream on the lips, holding him there for a moment, savoring it, before he turned on the stream.

Once verifying that Dream was not visible, George turned the cam on and welcomed everyone. Messages started coming immediately, slow at first, then faster. After a little while, Dream "joined."

"Hey Dream, welcome to the stream!"

"Hey, George, whatcha doing?"

The chat, as always, exploded again. They were always so excited to see Dream and George together. If only they knew.

For a while, the stream was normal. Dream didn't have to go badly, it was just a habit, since he didn't like to interrupt streams with bodily needs. He felt like he could probably hold without issue for a while.

Then, his phone buzzed. *I'm impatient. Go drink a glass of water and bring both of us a glass of that juice we got.*

Dream's eyes widened. George really wanted him to piss his pants on stream, apparently. *How do I get past the camera?*

Crawl.

So Dream crawled on his hands and knees out of the room, with his butt wiggling in the air. He wasn't sure if it was just because of how riled up he was, but it felt kind of sexy. *Look at me crawling away and tell me you don't want to pound me into the carpet.*

He heard George's breath hitch, and turned to see George's eyes raking his body, before turning

back and saying, “Sorry about that. I thought Robert had knocked something over.”

When Dream passed the threshold of the bedroom and escaped into the living room, he was finally able to stand. He felt a little giddy and needy though, and he hoped George wouldn’t keep the stream going for too long.

He downed a cup of water, desperate to fill his bladder and play. He wondered how George would react if he lost it while the stream was still going... He drank an extra glass of water.

He filled two reusable water bottles with juice, sealed them up tight, and began the crawl back to his spot next to George. The position was a little harder to maintain with his hands full, but that was the least of his worries. When he got back to his seat, there was a message from George.

You’re going to get it for that later. Such a naughty boy, teasing me like that. I’ll show you what naughty boys get.

What do naughty boys get? Dream asked, getting hard already.

You’ll just have to find out, I suppose. For now, anytime I drink, you drink.

Yes, Sir.

The stream continued on as normal for a while. Dream and George had been on enough streams to be able to banter, despite gearing up to play. Chat didn’t notice anything amiss, even as George made a point to drink from the cup every few minutes, but it never seemed to run out of liquid.

Dream had to refill it at one point, leading to another crawl across the floor, though he didn’t tease George this time. He wanted to be punished a little bit, but he also wanted to be able to cum.

After a couple hours of streaming, Dream was getting desperate. His legs were wrapped around each other, his hands jammed into his crotch, and his face hot. He was holding himself so still, and so focused on keeping his breathing regular, that he was barely able to talk. Thankfully, George was letting him get off easy. Normally, if he had been this silent, there would be lots of teasing. George wasn’t pointing anything out, but that was probably for George’s benefit more than anything.

The chat was apparently curious, though. Dream had been ignoring the flood of messages, but George started talking about it. “Yeah, sorry guys, I think Dream had to step away for a moment.” With the barest glance to the side, he added, “And I think I’m going to have to end the stream soon too. It’s been so much fun to play with you guys today! Let me just finish building this room, and then I will have to be off.”

That was for Dream, he was sure. George was telling him the torment would be over soon, and he sighed. Soon, he would be free to make noise and stop being so desperate. His bladder was genuinely starting to hurt, and, though it turned him on immensely, he was ready to let go.

He took a moment to lean over, carefully, and peek at the stream, just to see how the room was coming. The chat was still filled with Dream’s name, but George neglected to add anything else. As for the room he was going to finish, it wasn’t that close to done. The tiniest squeak escaped him as he realized that when George said “soon” he meant 20 minutes or more, rather than 5.

A text appeared immediately. *Making noise, Dream?*

Sorry, Sir. I have to go so badly!!! Please end the stream or let me go!! PLEASE .

No. I'm not done yet, and I want to watch. You can't go yet.

PLEASE Sir! I'll do anything!

Good to know! The "anything" I want right now is for you to hold it. >:)

Dream let out the air he had been holding, silently, and crammed himself back into his seat. He had a ways to go, but he *would* hold it. He wrapped his legs around each other again and scrunched into a ball on the chair, trying desperately to keep everything inside.

He was pretty sure he could hold it for a while in this position, but then George decided to be mean. "Hey, Dream? Are you back?"

This is what you get for demanding. >:) The text arrived just as George addressed him to the watchers.

"Yeah, I'm here!" Dream called out, strained and tight. His head was spinning, and the need was pressing down on his bladder so badly he could barely think.

"Where were you? Are you alright?" George asked, fake concern painting his voice.

Fuck off, George, Dream thought, barely meaning it. "Oh, I just had something I needed to do. Don't worry about me."

"Your voice sounds odd, Dream. Is everything okay?"

George had to feel the daggers that Dream was shooting at his back, but if he did, he was ignoring it. "Yeah, I'm fine."

"You sound tense. Maybe you should relax a little?"

If I relax even a little, I might piss myself! Dream texted.

But I told you not to?

George, please. I really can't hold it much longer.

I'm sorry, who?

Fuck. I'm sorry, I meant Sir. Please forgive me, Sir.

George's grin was huge, infecting his entire face, as he egged Dream on. "Come on, Dream, you have to relax. It's not good for you to be that tense, right chat?"

Dream watched in horror as the chat exploded with concern and support. They asked why he was tense, what they could do to help, and offered suggestions on how he might be able to relax. They had no idea what George was doing.

"Come on, Dream. Do you need help? I don't want you to be so stressed out..."

"I'm honestly fine! Really!" but even Dream could hear it in his own voice.

"That wasn't very convincing."

Dream sighed. Apparently it was time. "You're right, *George*, I'll try to relax a bit." He said George's name pointedly, knowing it was only allowed because he couldn't say "sir" on stream.

The need was pulsing through him now, and he was sure that even if he tried to get to the bathroom, he wouldn't make it. Despite this, he carefully uncurled himself, almost forcefully prying his legs apart. The desperation hit him in a sudden wave, and it took all of his willpower to make no sound. After a moment to control himself, he said, "Alright, I do feel better now."

"You sound better. What did you do?" George was on cam, but he couldn't hide the grin on his cheeks.

"I practiced deep breathing while muted," Dream lied smoothly.

George hummed his acknowledgement and went back to focusing on the game, leaving Dream to suffer in silence.

Every few minutes, a wave of need would crash over him, and he would have to fight to be quiet while also fighting to keep himself dry. Occasionally, George would drag him back into the conversation, usually at inopportune times, so Dream couldn't dedicate his entire focus on holding. No matter how hard he tried, he knew it was only a matter of time.

About 15 minutes after George promised to end the stream "soon," Dream lost control for a moment. He clamped his hand down over his mouth to hold back the gasp, and shuddered as his boxers got a little damp. It had been a small leak, but there was a wet spot blooming on his pants anyway.

Sir, PLEASE. I'm literally about to piss myself! Please let me go!

You can hold it for a couple more minutes. Let me just say goodbye.

Dream could almost scream, especially as it happened again, doubling the wet spot. He still had his hand over his mouth, and a small whine escaped despite his best efforts.

George turned to look at him fully then, something he hadn't done since Dream had crawled out of the room. His eyes immediately went wide at the predicament his boyfriend was in. He hadn't realized it was that bad. After a moment, to collect himself, he turned back to his stream.

"Well, I was just reminded by my cat that I really must end the stream now." After glancing at the chat, George continued, "Oh, I know! I'm sorry! I wish I could stay too! But I'll be back another time!"

Dream was going absolutely nuts by that point. Twice more he lost control, once while George had been staring and another while he was saying goodbye. There was a huge, sopping circle radiating from the zipper by this point, and he was getting close to leaking again. He didn't dare send George another pleading message, for fear that he would keep going longer.

George began his frantic goodbye waving, grinning at the camera, before finally turning it off and ending his stream. He took an extra moment to fully close out of the application and made sure that he was signed out everywhere, before finally turning to Dream. "You naughty little slut! Couldn't hold it for a minute longer, could you? So desperate for me."

"You're right, Sir, I really couldn't hold it..." Dream whined, shaking a little in the chair, "I can't stop..."

"Yes, you can, baby," George cooed, sliding close, "Because I want you to."

Those words slipped through, giving Dream just enough traction to clamp down again with a gasp.

“There’s my good boy.”

“I’m your good boy...” Dream murmured.

George slid over to him and cupped his cheek with one hand, so Dream would meet his eyes. “You did so good for me today. Do you know how wild you drove me? Just knowing you were unraveling right beside me. I can’t wait to fuck you.”

“I would do anything for you, Sir.” Dream’s eyes were wide and a little listless, but they stayed with George’s.

“I know, baby. I know you would. Stand up.”

Without a word, Dream was standing, though he weaved a little. The desperation slammed into him, a renewed wave of need. He had to fight himself to not double over.

George’s eyes traced Dream’s entire body, lingering on the darker area on his pants. “You are such a good boy for me, baby. Now move those towels to the floor and get on all fours. I’m going to fuck you into the carpet like you wanted.”

“Sir, please, I need to...”

“Were my instructions unclear?”

“No, Sir.”

“Then go.”

Dream bundled the towels (some already damp) in his arms and deposited them on the carpet, arranging them so they would gather around his legs, and got on all fours. Despite the need that was aching through his abdomen, he wiggled his ass for George enticingly.

From his position, all Dream could do was listen, the sound of the lube opening, squirting, skin on slippery skin, George shuffling around. Suddenly, his pants and underwear were yanked down, revealing his ass, but leaving his cock covered.

“Oh!” Dream gasped.

“You were so naughty in the beginning, but I made you wait for so long, soooo here’s what I’m thinking, baby. I’m going to fuck you right into the ground. If you cum before you wet your pants, you can cum. If you wet your pants first, no cummies tonight.”

“*George ...*” Dream whined.

This earned him a hard smack on his bare ass. “Who?”

“Sorry, *Siiiiirr*, please! I can’t hold it...”

“Then no cummies for Dweam,” George teased.

George’s cock pressed against Dream’s asshole. He was so eager, so needy, that he didn’t even want George to stretch him, so George just gently pushed his way inside, until Dream started to shake.

“You alright, baby?” George asked, a little worried he had pushed too far.

“So- so good...” Dream breathed, “Please... Fuck me... I... need...”

“Yeah, sweetie? You need? You need my cock buried in your ass?”

“Yes... Please... Fuck... Me...”

“Oh so desperate for me, huh, baby?” George pulled out and slammed back down, the force so great that Dream’s face was pressed into the carpet.

Dream moaned into the fibers, silently begging for more. He used one hand to prop himself up off the ground and the other to hold his cock, trying to prevent leaks. His bladder *hurt*, but it was pushing on the other side of his prostate, making him almost delirious with arousal. His only thoughts were “cum” and “piss.”

George dragged himself back out and came down again. Every time he hit Dream’s prostate, his entire asshole would spasm, and it felt fucking amazing. George’s eyes were already fluttering at the sensation, and he wondered how long he could last.

He started going harder, deeper, faster. The power of it kept making Dream lose balance, especially since he was only using one arm, and his face kept getting rubbed into the carpet. Dream didn’t care. He didn’t care that George’s grip hurt. He didn’t care that his arm was getting sore. He wanted it. He wanted to be fucked absolutely silly.

Despite his overstretched bladder, he had become fully erect, and he started getting close. Every thrust was overwhelming, and he stroked himself through his wet pants. The damp fabric was driving him wild, and he was basically humping his hand and the ground with the power of George’s thrusting.

“Fuck... gonna... cummmmm...” He groaned, gripping himself harder, “Please... can... cum...?”

George was panting, and for a moment, he didn’t hear Dream’s soft pleas, as he was getting so close himself. When it finally reached his ears, he asked, “Have you peed since this position?” a little breathlessly.

“No... Sir... Am... Good...”

“Yes, you are. Such a good boy for me. Yes, you can cum, baby.”

The orgasm was immediate. Dream lost control and collapsed into the carpet, completely unable to hold himself up. He came so hard that there were stars behind his eyes, and, for a moment, he couldn’t even see. As it tore through him, George started to twitch and shake, the muscles around his cock constricting in delicious waves, and he followed shortly after, cumming deep into Dream’s ass.

It only made it better. The feeling of it all was overwhelming, and all Dream could do was feel everything. No thoughts, just sensation.

The second he finished coming, his exhausted bladder gave out, and he was wetting himself. A long, low moan bubbled out of him at the desperate, delirious relief. The sound of liquid splattering against the ground filled the room, increasing in tempo as he completely let go. It felt absolutely amazing. The warm piss flowed around his cock, cradling his balls before pooling at his knees. It felt so warm and inviting, and the relief made it even better. He never wanted to stop pissing himself.

“You’re such a good boy,” George whispered, leaning close to his ear, “You have been such a

good boy for me. So patient, so obedient, so good. Fuck that was so hot and you are so amazing.”

“Thank you, Sir,” Dream mumbled into the carpet, still peeing.

“I have a present for you. I think you will like it!”

“Hmm?”

For a moment, nothing really changed. George adjusted his position inside of Dream and relaxed against his body. Dream was confused by what George meant, but then he felt it. It felt like George was cumming in his ass again, but there was so much? He ass was filling up quickly, and he was confused.

Then the stream hit his prostate, and his head shot straight up. It was piss? George was pissing inside of him?

“Oh my fucking God!” Dream gasped, rocking back into George’s softening cock.

“You like that, sweetheart?”

Dream was so fucked out by this point that he couldn’t even lie. “Yes, Sir, I *love* it. Fuuuuuuuck.”

Dream’s own piss stream was waning, and as it did, his cock started to twitch. He was so sensitive from everything that had just happened, that he was already close to coming again. He almost just let it happen, but then he remembered. “Sir, I’m going to cum...”

“What? Already? Just after you-?” George leaned in close. “You really are a filthy little piss slut, aren’t you?”

“Nnnnnnn yes, Sir. I’m your little piss baby. Please, let your piss baby come again?”

George thought about it for a moment. “Hmmm... No. You’ve been good, but not *that* good.”

“Master, *please* .”

“No, sweetie. You’ll just have to be needy for a little while.” With that, George carefully pulled his cock out of Dream’s ass. For the last of his stream, he slid his half-hard member between his boyfriend’s legs, into his pants.

Dream’s eyes fluttered at the sensation, and he tried to aim the piss for his cock.

“Such a needy, desperate whore, aren’t you?” George taunted, grabbing a fistful of hair and pulling it back.

Dream *whined* at the change in position, as his cock was no longer in the stream. “Please, Master. I’ll do whatever you want. I want to cum from your piss. I want you to mock me, talk about how you fucked me into the ground and pissed in my ass, and I liked it! Please, just let me cum. I’ll do anything!”

“Anything?”

“Anything!!”

George thought about it for a moment, as his stream started to peter out. “Oh no! I’m so sorry baby. Looks like I’m all out. I guess you’ll just have to wait on those cummies.”

“Sir, please...”

“You got to cum! Now you’re just being greedy.”

“George, *please* !!!”

That earned Dream a harsh slap on the ass, but that only made him moan desperately. “Who?”

“Sir, Master, my lord, my king, DADDY, *PLEASE* !”

George carefully extracted himself from the wadded up ball of drenched towels, dripping all over the floor, and walked around to Dream’s head. He grabbed the desperate man’s chin with his long fingers and pulled, forcing their eyes to meet. Dream’s eyes were wild and needy. He looked so fucking hot like this, and for a moment, George almost relented. “No, baby. Maybe another time.”

With that, he gently let go of Dream’s chin, who collapsed onto the ground.

Dream had to lay there for a long time. He had been supporting his entire weight on his knees, and his legs were weak from the effort. Plus, he had just had his back completely blown out.

George was kind enough to bring him some snacks and water, and, when Dream was finally able to stand, he helped the poor guy into the shower. After they cleaned each other off, George cleaned the floor (thank the heavens they had gotten a carpet cleaner just in case the cats had an accident).

Dream lay in bed, feeling kind of feverish and sensitive. His entire body felt raw and fucked. His face had some pretty good rug burn, his knees, elbow, and hips were sore, and his whole body ached. It felt fucking *great* , and he wanted *more* .

George brought food to bed on trays and they sat and watched a movie together while eating. After they were done, George held Dream close to his body, petting his head and running fingers down his arms. Eventually, this soothed him to sleep.

Dream's Stream

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

They woke up completely tangled up in each other. Dream was sore all over and he felt well fucked. His whole body was ripe and sensitive, and it was a great feeling. Flashes of the intense sex they had burst behind his eyes, and he was a little shocked. They really had gone for it, huh?

He rolled away from George, who was still sleeping soundly, and grabbed at his phone. They may have gone a little too far on the stream last night, and he wanted to see if anything had gone amiss.

Thankfully, scrolling through twitter just showed the usual tweets. A lot their fans were shipping them together already, and the amount of DreamNotFound stuff was completely average. Only a few people had commented on George fully turning around in the middle of the stream, and it was to talk about how George handled his cat. Even less people addressed the quick glance to the side, and those who did had no idea what it was.

Dream breathed a sigh of relief. No one knew. It wasn't that he was ashamed of George, or that George was ashamed of him. They just kept a lot of their personal lives out of the streams, despite all the banter, and they wanted to keep it that way. It was one thing for people to ship them, it was quite another for people to know they were dating (and fucking).

George woke up a few moments later, stretching and immediately wrapping himself around Dream. "Good morning."

"Good morning."

George lay a gentle kiss on Dream's shoulder. "How are you feeling?"

"Really good, actually, sore, but good."

"That's great to hear. I'm assuming you checked twitter? Are we in the clear?"

"So far, so good."

"Good." George snuggled into Dream more, resting his head on Dream's chest, letting lazy fingers circle his skin. "And last night... That was... okay?"

Dream leaned down and kissed George on the forehead. "Last night was amazing, and I want to do more."

"You just want to cum," George teased.

"That too, obviously. But really, it was... intense. And I liked it."

"I'm glad to hear it, cause I sort of had an idea."

"Yeah?"

George turned his head to meet Dream's eyes. "I want you to hold for one of your streams."

"What?"

“You wouldn’t be expected to hold as long as you did on mine, of course. But the thought of you trying to speed run while pissing in your pants is the hottest thing, honestly. I would absolutely love to watch that.”

Dream’s cock twitched in his pants. “George...”

“If it’s too much, that’s completely fine! Just a thought.”

“No, George, I... Fuck, I want to do that so bad... Can we do it today? Like right now?”

“Needy boy! Are you really that desperate for cummies?” George teased.

“No! Well, yes, but also that sounds fucking *amazing* .”

“It probably sounds that amazing because of how horny you are, baby.” George palmed Dream’s cock through his underwear, which made Dream buck up immediately.

“Maybe so, but I still want it. Please?” Dream tried thrusting against George’s hand again, but it was pulled away.

“Oh, how can I say no when you beg *so* prettily, sweetie?”

“Well, you’re not meant to say no,” Dream replied.

“Don’t push, baby.”

“Sorry, Master. I’ll be good.”

George grinned. “I know.”

~~~

An hour later, and Dream was in front of his computer, absolutely wracked with anxiety. It was hot in theory (and in practice), but it was also terrifying. What if they could tell? What if the stream could hear? What if they just *knew* somehow that he was a nasty fuck toy for George?

That wasn’t going to actually stop him though, and, since George had already risked his stream, it only seemed fair. They had spent some time after breakfast testing the mic, seeing how much it could pick up, by pouring water on towels from different heights and distances. If the mic did pick up anything, it wasn’t really enough to be significant or understood, which had made Dream feel a bit better.

It didn’t take away the anxiety completely, though. What did actually help was the makeshift diaper made of towels. He was still wearing a pair of sweats, but he was completely wrapped in terrycloth, which would hopefully limit dripping sounds. There were also towels all around his computer chair, just in case they went overboard.

George was sitting next to him, ready to egg him on and ply him with drinks. They had pulled all the liquid in the house, so every carton of juice, every can of soda, and every reusable bottle, now filled with water, sat arranged on the desk in front of them. Dream probably wasn’t going to actually drink *all* of it, but George’s goal was to *ruin* him.

Dream had done his morning piss to clear things out, so there was a lot of drinking to be done. He had already had a glass of milk and water with breakfast, but he was definitely going to have to drink more.

“Are you ready, baby?” George asked, rubbing his shoulder.

“Yes, Sir,” Dream murmured, already a little needy from everything.

“You gotta call me ‘George,’ darling.”

“Sorry... I just don’t want to.”

“It’ll be alright. You can say Sir and Master as much as you want when you’re done.”

“Sounds good.” Dream gave him a smile, and George smiled in return, giving his shoulder a squeeze.

“Now, I want you to stream for as long as you can, but if you need to stop or pause, squeeze my leg three times to ask permission, okay?”

“Okay.”

“Oh, and Dream?”

“Yes, George?”

“You’re not allowed to hold yourself. At all.”

Dream’s mind raced, imagining how hard it would be to hold, especially after he broke the seal. His cock started to get hard in his sweats, though George couldn’t really see. “Sounds good to me.”

“Good. Now, stream.”

Dream turned everything on and welcomed the chat. Everyone was so happy to see him stream, since he barely ever did, and he was happy to be there, even outside of the game he was playing with George. It was good to have an excuse to hang out with his fans, even if it was a naughty one.

At first, everything was normal. Dream slipped into the habit of things and started pulling up seeds to speedrun. When the drama around him “cheating” finally ended, he had gone back to it on his new computer, with healthy moderation of his chat to stop the annoying spam. He was in his element, running through new worlds, trying to find the one that would give him what he needed. He fell so deeply into it that he almost forgot.

George nudged his arm with a beverage. Dream’s eyes went wide as he remembered, and he smiled sheepishly, sucking the liquid down like he was dying of thirst.

After a few minutes, George “joined” the stream, teasing and laughing away. Since they were in the same room, they hadn’t even bothered to log in to TeamSpeak or Discord, for fear of one of their friends joining in and ruining the fun (or, worse, noticing it). Everything was tame and fine, for a while.

The need grew steadily, and at first, it was completely normal. This wouldn’t be the first time he had pushed himself a little too hard while streaming. That was a curse of ADHD: hyperfocusing on a task to the detriment of other needs. Everything up to that point was just a part of regular streaming for Dream, except for George’s continued insistence that he drink even more.

Soon, however, he was too desperate to think, and chat was beginning to notice. He wasn't as desperate as he had been the night before, but he also hadn't been the one playing then either. Holding back his need was making it impossible to do anything right. They started to tease him about his sudden inability to play, lightly roasting him and asking if he was distracted by George's voice or some secret flirtatious message.

They weren't entirely wrong.

He tabbed into discord and sent a message to George.

*Please, Sir, can I go? It's becoming too obvious, and I need it.*

*Yes, baby, you can go. You are holding so well for me! BUT, let it out slowly, and keep playing while you do it.*

*Yes, Sir. Thank you, Sir! <3*

"Sorry, about that guys, had to check something," Dream said, keeping his voice as even as possible, "Anyway, this seed is pretty trash. I'm gonna try again."

As he disconnected from the world, he let himself relax just a little. His need was so great that a spurt of piss shot out immediately. He had to cover his mouth to catch the gasp that shot out of him. Fuck, that felt *amazing*.

He opened a new seed and started running around mindlessly, barely paying attention. It was a jungle, a shit place to start, but he couldn't bear to hold it through the loading times, so he pretended it would be good. "I have a feeling about this seed. Jungles are bad, of course, but I think there is more to this one."

He could practically hear George rolling his eyes, but at least he didn't say anything.

The jungle happened to be near a desert, which worked out great. There was even a village. Dream started to explore, falling into the normal routine as he relaxed again. His body gave in immediately, seeming to be past the point of caring where he went, as long as he let go.

Urine shot out of him unbidden, and he doubted that he could stop it if he tried (not that he wanted to). The towels pressed the hot dampness against his entire crotch, and it spread, until he was absolutely soaked. It took everything in his power to hold back the moan of relief crawling up his throat, and he had to swallow it back down with a couple swigs of water, which only made it even better. He became one, long continuous stream, from his mouth to his cock, and there was something incredibly satisfying about that.

The flow started to sputter as he became rock hard from the sensation. It was actually kind of frustrating, since he knew he wasn't going to get to cum until after the stream ended anyway, and he wanted to be wetting himself.

He let out a sigh and refocused on the game. Thankfully, he had been speedrunning long enough that he had kind of fallen into it. He had automatically grabbed beds and hay bales while he wasn't paying attention, so he found himself running around the open sands, trying to find a lava pool. As his focus returned to the game, his cock slowly softened, and his need came back.

The tightened muscles in his groin slowly relaxed, and soon he was peeing again. It felt so right, so *perfect*, and he let out a sigh. "This seed seems too good to be true," he covered, "I'm not sure if this is it, but I'm hopeful!"



Just as he got close to running out, a single stream of pee ran down his leg, soaking his sweats and dripping to the towels below. He pushed out his last few spurts and leaned back in his chair. He felt absolutely *wonderful*, relieved and horny as hell. Without even being prompted, he grabbed another drink and sucked it down as he looked for surface lava.

*Good boy! ;\**

*Thank you, Sir. >.<*

Everything went back to normal for a while. It turned out he had been right about that seed after all. It wasn't a record, but it was sub 25, which was still pretty good, especially since he had had an "accident" during the run. He and George continued their normal banter, with George teasing him as usual, like when Dream ended a run out of frustration, just as a lava pool and village came into view.

He couldn't believe he was getting away with it.

At some point, George got up without a word, which almost had Dream whining needily. He couldn't really ask why, though, so he was just stuck in his puddle, waiting.

Eventually, George returned with some food, sending a message that said, *Don't want your blood sugar/electrolytes to get too low. Eat up.*

*Thank you, Sir. You are so good to me. ;\* I love you. <3*

*I love you too, baby. Now eat.*

The next time he had to go, he asked George for permission again, and George replied with the most delicious thing Dream had ever seen.

*At this point, just go when you want to. Let me know that you're going by pressing your leg against me as you do.*

*Absolutely, Sir! ;\**

He leaned into George, spreading his legs and pushing into George's body, before letting go again. It made him feel slutty and delicious to be all splayed out, absolutely destroying his pants in front of tens of thousands of completely unaware people. If only they knew what their favorite creator was doing in that moment. He almost *wanted* them to know, even as that would be the worst thing to do outside of fantasy.

George's hand came to rest gently, encouragingly, on Dream's towel wrapped thigh, and that only made everything even better. He had to stop pissing as he got hard again, but this time he didn't mind as much. He was starting to be a little out of his head, and he wondered how much longer he could possibly stream.

The daze only worsened as time went on. George had to cover for his sudden lack of effective communication by talking even more. Dream apologized on occasion, blaming it on extreme focus and a desire to beat the game.

The truth was the absolutely drenched towels that were tangled right against his cock, and the fact that they weren't stopping even a drop by that point. Everything that came out immediately sprayed down his legs, adding to the puddle below him. It didn't help that the second Dream had to go, he did. There was no "holding" anymore. He was basically just pissing the entire time, his leg never far from George's as he just let himself pee freely.

Finally, he realized that he wasn't going to be able to play much longer. He was getting to the point that he was afraid he would start to make little noises out loud despite himself. After another failed seed, he let his gaze fall to George's and squeezed his thigh three times.

George just nodded.

"Well, everyone, it has honestly been so lovely to stream with you again! I really did miss it, and I hope we can do it again soon! I think it went really well, so I think I can make it a more regular thing. Unfortunately, I do need to go now, though. Until next time, just know I love you all, and I'll see you soon, hopefully." He smiled the entire time, knowing they'd be able to hear it in his voice.

He meant every single word, even as he was signing off to get fucked.

The chat exploded with sad emotes and well wishes. Everyone was sad to see him go, but they were excited by the prospect of more in the future. With a few final goodbyes and making sure that all the donos were read, he shut everything down, being extra sure that he wasn't connected to anything that could hear what was about to happen.

The second that was done, he turned to George. "Master, *please*, can I cum now?"

George's grin split his face. "Oh, absolutely. You did so good for me, sweetie. That was honestly the hottest thing I've ever seen in my entire life. I want to watch you cum in your mess, baby."

"Yes, Sir. *Please*, Sir. Thank you, Sir," Dream babbled.

George grinned, dropping a hand to the wadded up cloth against Dream's cock. He peeled the layers back to reveal the straining erection trying to escape from Dream's sweats. He pressed his hand against Dream's cock, stroking lightly and pressing the soaking wet material against it.

"Haaaaahnnnnnn, fuck, I'm-" Dream came almost immediately, with the barest touch, filling his sweats with cum. He collapsed back into his streaming chair, shaking as George's hand quickly pushed him into over stimulation, crying out and bucking away.

George let go, trying not to laugh. "Already, baby? Damn, you must have really liked that..."

Dream was silent, except for the panting, as he recovered from his orgasm, until he suddenly realized. "Oh, fuck, I'm sorry, Sir! I didn't mean to! I should have asked, I'm so sorry."

"You did ask, baby, so prettily too."

"Oh... I guess I did. I guess I just thought you would expect me to ask again..."

"Normally, yes, but I don't think you would have had time," George giggled.

"Shut *uuuuuuup*," Dream whined, covering his face with his hands.

"Don't feel bad, baby. It was honestly a delightful surprise. I'm glad to see you were enjoying yourself."

"Oh, yes, Sir! I *loved* that."

"That's great to hear! I have another present for you, but you'll have to suck it out of me. I'm too horny to give it to you," George admitted, sheepishly.

"Yes, Master." Dream knew what that meant, and he was more than eager to help. He slid off the

chair, landing on his knees in a second. George was already hard, so Dream gingerly pulled his cock free.

There was already precum leaking from the tip, so Dream eagerly licked it off, swirling his tongue around the head, before pulling off with a soft pop that made George's entire body jump. Instead of immediately taking it all in, he licked from the base to tip, sucking along the sides of the shaft and laying kisses along the entire length.

"Dream, darling, stop teasing, or I'll fuck your throat," George threatened, though his voice was sweet as ever.

"Sorry, Sir," he mumbled, "I just like your cock is all."

"And I do appreciate that. Now suck."

Dream placed the tip back on his tongue gingerly, lapping at the head carefully for a moment, before he started to suck his way down, hollowing his cheeks for a vacuum seal. George was panting immediately, always undone by Dream's blowjob skills. He rested a hand in Dream's soft hair, gripping lightly. Dream took this as a sign, and started going lower and lower, bobbing up and down, carefully tracing it with his tongue as he went. His big green eyes peeked up, meeting George's gaze, so he could watch how much he affected his Master with his mouth.

George was a little less horny than Dream had been, but watching the show had him incredibly riled up. Soon, he couldn't take it, he grabbed Dream's hair, yanking him off his dick, so he could finish on Dream's body. Cum shot out of him, splattering against Dream's t-shirt and face, while George stroked himself through, moaning with abandon.

"Ah, fuck, such a good boy for me. Such a good little piss slut for me," George murmured.

"Thank you, Sir," Dream gasped.

"Are you ready for your gift?"

"Yes please!"

"Give me your hand, baby," George said, holding his out for Dream.

"Yes, Sir."

George wrapped Dream's fingers around his softening cock. "Aim it wherever you want it."

"Oh, thank you, Sir. Can... Would it... Um... Sir, can I please touch myself?" Dream asked, blushing.

"You know what? Yes. You did so well today. You're so patient for me, and that blowjob was fucking amazing. I want to see how much you enjoyed what we did. Show me."

"Thank you, Sir!"

Dream pointed George's cock at his chest, nodding to let George know he could begin. Piss sprayed out immediately, showering his chest and dripping down his torso. His other hand was at his cock in a second, pulling it free and pumping away as George pissed all over him. He moved the stream lower and lower, until it was splashing against his erection, which only made him rub faster.

“Please, Sir, I’m getting so close. Please, can I cum, please?” Dream begged, leaning back against the spray of piss that coated his tummy.

“Yes, baby. Cum all over yourself for me!”

That was all it took. Dream cried out, dropping George’s cock and focusing on his own. His jizz shot out, adding the ruined mess his that his clothes had become, just as George finished peeing. With that, Dream collapsed, sprawled across piss covered towels and the immense lake they had created together.

“How are you feeling, baby?” George asked, carefully sitting next to him outside of the pond.

“I’m fucken *great* .” Dream’s head lolled to the side, and he grinned drunkenly. “Fucken superb.”

“Yeah?”

“Yes, Sir!”

## Chapter End Notes

*Ahem.* So... Anyway, um, thanks for reading my piss smut! Hope you enjoyed. <3

Non-piss content coming soon!

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